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# White feather

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## Chapter 1 by Japhet

Four days scouting.

His Final firing position.

Winchester Model 70 .30-06 caliber rifle.

He docks quietly as the scattered soldiers survey the entire slope. Surrounded by 6 pairs of eagle-eyed scouts, he needs to be as one with the earth. If he's found, he will suffer tumultuous amount of torture before decapitation and display on some random tree for view.

He took the mission and there's no guarantee for survival. The extraction point is two kilometers from his position. Accomplishing his task is just half the story. He will be hunted and his bounty will triple.

700 yards away, the most distinguished man emerged from the tallest tent. Marked by the behavior of pointing and ordering, he is certainly the target. Armed with military training, he mustered all his knowledge and strength to take the fatal shot.

Four days had exhausted him so taking head shot is quite risky. He decides to shoot the center mass, shattering the internal organs. Drills will be his.

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"Hop the twig!" He muttered as the shocked ranks watch their commander die. Bullets hailed as he crawls out of his space.

All that's left is the white feather. They'll know who to look for.

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